

GEE AITCH 43

No. 18. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Tuesday, May 27, 1919

Locals Win

Sullivan's Sensational Two-bagger Drives in First Run

LOCALS WIN TWO GAMES.

The gobs put up a real fight, but the locals bested them in the 11-inning game played Saturday afternoon. The game was fast from start to finish, and was a wonderful exhibition of baseball. Some throw by Curtis to plate in fifth inning, catching Burke, who attempted to score from second on McNaron's single to left center. In the sixth inning, with three men on bases and one out, Pitcher Underhill struck the next two men out, nobody scoring. Sgt. 1st c. McGarr, of Gee Aitch 9, now playing for the Post Team showed up as some ball player; came to bat five times, making a triple, a single, getting two passes and the other time flied to catcher in attempt to sacrifice. Sgt. 1st c. Moneegan also from Gee Aitch 9, now stationed here, former Jess Willard trainer, did some big league umpiring, and the decisions he made, sure did go.

The game was one of the fastest and cleanest cut played here this season. Both Schofield and Underhill pitched wonderful ball.

General Hospital No. 43.

| | Ab. | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|-----------------------|-----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Kingsley, 3b. | 5 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| Curtis, lf. | 5 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| Ziegler, s.s. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 6 | 0 |
| Otis, 2b. | 5 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| McCarthy, c. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 0 | 0 |
| McGarr, rf. | 3 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Shollenberg, 1b. | 5 | 0 | 0 | 15 | 0 | 2 |
| Novick, cf. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Schofield, p. | 5 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 |
| Totals, | 39 | 3 | 8 | 33 | 16 | 4 |
| Naval Transport. | | | | | | |

| | Ab. | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|---------------------------------------|-----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Total | 41 | 2 | 9 | 31 | 13 | 4 |
| Two out, when winning run was scored. | | | | | | |

Shollenberg out, bunting fowl on the third strike.

Naval T'nspt. 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—2
Post Team.....0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 1—3

Three-base hit, McGarr. Double play, Ziegler to Shollenberg. First on error, Post 1, Naval, 2. Left on bases, Post 12, Naval 9. Stolen bases, Otis 3, McCarthy 2, Shollenberg, Novick, Kingsley, Hensell, Raab. Struck out, by Schofield, 6; Underhill, 9. Bases on balls, by Schofield, 2; Underhill, 3. Sacrifice hits, Ziegler, Novick, Curtis, Burke, Hensell. Wild throws, Otis, Shollenberg, Bradbury, Hanley, Drexel. Time of game two hours and forty minutes. Umpires, Sergt. 1st c. Moneegan and Paymaster Doe.

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LOCALS AGAIN TRAMPLE ALL OVER FORTRESS MONROE.

The Sunday game was draggy, and was anything but a good exhibition of the national pastime. The Ft. Monroe players behaved like children, full of argument, and beefed and disputed over petty trifles. The sailor who started in the game as senior umpire showed a rare knowledge of the game and was doing one of the cleanest jobs in that capacity that we have seen in local baseballdom, yet, because he didn't steal and favor them, the artillerymen said "I just won't play unless you put that umpire out of the game," and, of course the usual local "spineless" conceded a change in umpires in the seventh inning.

The locals had a mixed line-up and when the game started many of the players were missing, so they picked up volunteers to fill in until some of the others arrived. Cpl. Sullivan was put into right field, where he

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GEE AITCH 43

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and devoted to the interests of
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Tuesday, May 27, 1919.

Officer of the Day—Lt. Pacini.

Correspondents, we are calling you. Don't you hear us? And voters, the same call goes to you. Let's get busy on this campaign thing, and elect our correspondents. We want to run the correspondent's names on our staff roster, and we want each department to select its own representative to shoot the dope to the paper. Come now, everybody, let us know who would make the best correspondents and we'll show you how the rest can be done. Heads up all around!

* * *

He who has a "nose for news" must be a valuable hound of the press.

* * *

If you can do it, lift your mind from the desk at which you work, the table on which you eat, and look out at the world beyond, look at the spot where the rainbow seems to touch the earth, to the clouds piled up like heavy mountains, to the stars that shine in the night.

Believe that there is something more precious than men know at the foot of the distant rainbow, a story

too glorious for them to understand written in those stars, a future worthy of hope and imagination beyond the clouds that bound and shut in our little earth.

Believe in the rainbow and in the impossible; believe in a perfect future for this earth and its now unhappy hope.

Believe if you can, but if you cannot, do not at least discourage other believers, for they, the rainbow chasers, are the salt of the earth, the creators of a better future.

HARD AT WORK IN HAMPTON.

A visitor passing down the street chanced upon a small boy swinging on a gate.

"My lad," he said, "don't you think it wrong to waste your time swinging on a gate on such a beautiful day?"

"Ain't wasting no time," he retorted, "I'm working."

"How's that?"

"I'm earning a thrift stamp. You see, sir, Sgt. Berge is up on the piazza with my sister, and he is going to give me the price of a Thrift Stamp to stay here and watch out for father."

HOME AGAIN.

Twenty-nine of our Post dwellers have quit us cold. They left yesterday homeward to plant their faithful big feet under father's, mother's or wife's table.

Those who left were: Sgts. 1st c. W. E. Latting and J. B. Vovallo, Sgts. R. G. Ellsworth, B. Saslow and A. R. Porterfield, Cpls. F. C. Kensman, F. V. Bratcher and L. B. Bagby, Pvts. 1st c. L. C. Marley, F. J. Kaczmarek, J. Romachuk, B. Cohen, Harry M. Fell, Elmer Falmer, S. Architas, M. Pestoes, A. S. Reading and J. R. Gerst. Pvts. D. G. Hughes, H. Lessner, F. F. Miller, Claude M. Malecki, E. A. Berry, Ray Bachtell, U. Roberts, Clyde Colyer, S. L. Ellis, H. L. Farst and R. D. Clawson

"Has he any record as an athlete?"

"Well, he can jump the highest board bill that ever confronts him."

IN THE NURSES' CORNER.

Miss Gregory says the old saying is true, "There is safety in numbers."

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You should have taken the two lieutenants for a ride on the roller coaster, Sunday afternoon, Miss Ham'son.

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Oh, by the way, Miss Foster, get a pass for the civvie next time, and don't try to put one over on the guard.

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Someone suggests that the Nurses be graded, the same as Officers and enlisted men. Miss Cameron should be a Major, Miss Leonard a Captain and Adjutant and other Nurses, Sgt., Cpls., etc., while they insist that there should be no shavetails; they also insist that the re-construction aides should all be buck privates. All think this should be done, except Miss Leonard, who says, "I don't know."

Old Dame Rumor visited us lately and she spun a tale thus: Sgt. Porterfield, the live-stock fancier, has killed his pet cat through over-kindness, and we wonder what will be his next companion. He was yesterday earnestly and thoughtfully centering his gaze out the windows of Barrack "H" towards the army mule pen. Herein may his next hopes be centered, one cannot tell what lies in his mind at times.

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS
(\$200.00) GIVEN AWAY

All this in prizes for the big Memorial Day Athletic Meet. This money is furnished by the Post Exchange and will be divided among the winners in the various contests. Here are some of the men that will appear in action: Noble, Spangler, Shubach, Harold Smith, Ziegler, John Waugh, George Hook, Frank Strauch, Sgt. 1st c. Wright, Sgt. 1st c. Winters, Novick, Lts. Otis and Blackerby, perhaps Lt. Wells, Sgt. Steppe, and Sgt. Solle will run a three-legged

man's race. Then there'll be Fisher and several other wrestlers and a number of athletes have been entered, but names not handed in to the paper for publication. All out! Everybody chime in for the Big Day!

WITH THE MUSIC MAKERS.

The band is becoming so small that they are using "dummies" to fill up the ranks while on parade. The would-be musicians' names will not be mentioned, as they dislike to be called "dummies."

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Anyone having a good rumor or desires to spread propaganda, kindly call at the Band Barracks. A cow bell has been installed by Cpl. Ladanyi, which has been used to good advantage.

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We would like to know if there are any Army Regulations against wearing Pink B. V. D.'s Agrell has dyed his that color.

—o—

"Musical"

Sgt. Trumppower underwent "a minor" operation and was told he will "B Flat" on his back for a few days.

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We cannot understand why holding an instrument as light as a piccaloe, should make a man round shouldered. Could over-eating possibly cause this?

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We sincerely hope that everyone knows that Sgt. Berg is the Drum Major.

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Modern "Henglish"

Hellis Brodstein and Hagrell say that Sgt. Coggi claims he can "cot" a clarinet until it sounds like a "Horgan." "Take the Hair."

—o—

Drum Major Berg found a dried snake skin on his bunk Thursday. May be a whole nest o' them there reptiles 'round the old shack, Sarge —better set a trap.

My son, Consider the postage stamp. It has the ability tew stick to it 'till it gets there. —Josh Billings

LOCALS AGAIN TRAMPLE.

(Continued from page 1.)

fielded 1000 (no balls hit in that direction), but when he came to bat he did the dirty work. Stepe who got a walk, had advanced to second, then it was Sully's turn, and quoth he, "You watch me." "Foul, strike one," "Four, strike two," called the umpire, and the grandstand was breathless. The pitcher took another hoptoad windup, burned one toward the home-plate and zounds! Sully's bat met it on the nose. When shouting had ceased, Steppe had crossed the plate, scoring the first run of the game, and we all looked up to see Sully anchored at second base. Stauffer's single scored Sully's run, and he fielded and batted a thousand, and some besides. Our own McCarthy came in the next inning to replace him and made one of the most sensational catches in right field seen on the home grounds, pulling down a hot liner that threatened never to stop—it was heading with terrific velocity towards the creek. Some baseballers, these two, Sully and McCarthy.

The records show what the others did. Look them over.

Post Team.

| | Ab | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|--------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Kingsley, 3b. | 1 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Curtis, c. | 5 | 1 | 0 | 10 | 1 | 1 |
| Ziegler, ss. | 5 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Otis, 2b. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| McGarr, 1b. | 3 | 1 | 1 | 9 | 1 | 0 |
| Steppe, lf. | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Sullivan, rf. | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| McCarthy, rf. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Novick, cf. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Stauffer, p. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Totals, | 31 | 9 | 9 | 27 | 10 | 3 |

Fort Monroe.

| | Ab | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|--|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Total | 27 | 2 | 2 | 24 | 15 | 4 |
| By innings: | | | | | | |
| Fort Monroe | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Post Team | 1 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 4 |
| Two-base hit, Ziegler, Otis, Sullivan, Brown and McCarthy. Double play, Drumshot to Gresham. First on errors, Post, 2; Fort, 1. Left on bases, Post, 7; Fort, 2. Stolen bases, | | | | | | |

Kingsley, Otis, Drumshot Wilson. Struck out by Stauffer, 10; Ellison, 1. Durmshot, 1. Bases on balls, by Stauffer, 3; Ellison, 2, Drumshot, 4, Savage, 1. Hits, Ellison, 4 in two innings off Drumshot; 5 in five innings, off Savage, 0 in one inning. Sacrifice hit, Curtis. Sacrifice fly, Otis. Hit by pitched ball, Stepp, Dutton. Wild throws, Novick, Otis, Savage, Drumshot, May. Time of game, one hour and fifty-five minutes. Umpire, Sergt. 1st. c. McGarry.

29th DIVISION THEATRICAL
TROUPE PUTS IT ACROSS

Local theatre fans who attended the show Saturday night witnessed one of the finest exhibitions that has ever appeared on our stage. There was not a weak number on the program, and every bit was snappy and entertaining to the nth degree. The 29th Division men are oversea casualties tarrying at Camp Stuart the while until they are transferred to camps nearer their homes for demobilization. Sgt. Alex W. Porter, who appeared in songs and recitations, made a hit. Levitt and Kirke in a little bit of nonsense, put it across in great style, while Foster Welch in the one-man band, turned the trick deserving of anybody's praise, and the audience surely showed their appreciation as well as of those mentioned above. Azarra, formerly of the Russian Symphony Orchestra, pleased greatly with the rendition of violin solos. Archibald Ruggles, formerly of the Boston Grand Opera Company, captured his share of applause from the audience, and then came the Three Bills, the Wandering Minstrels, who made the listener's sides almost burst with laughter—strictly high grade act. Each member is a master in his own line, with the rapidity and marked precision that they snapped their acts across individually and collectively, is worthy of the highest praise, and the audience showed it to its fullest.

Lt. McDonald would like to know who moved his bed and belongings into the bathroom.